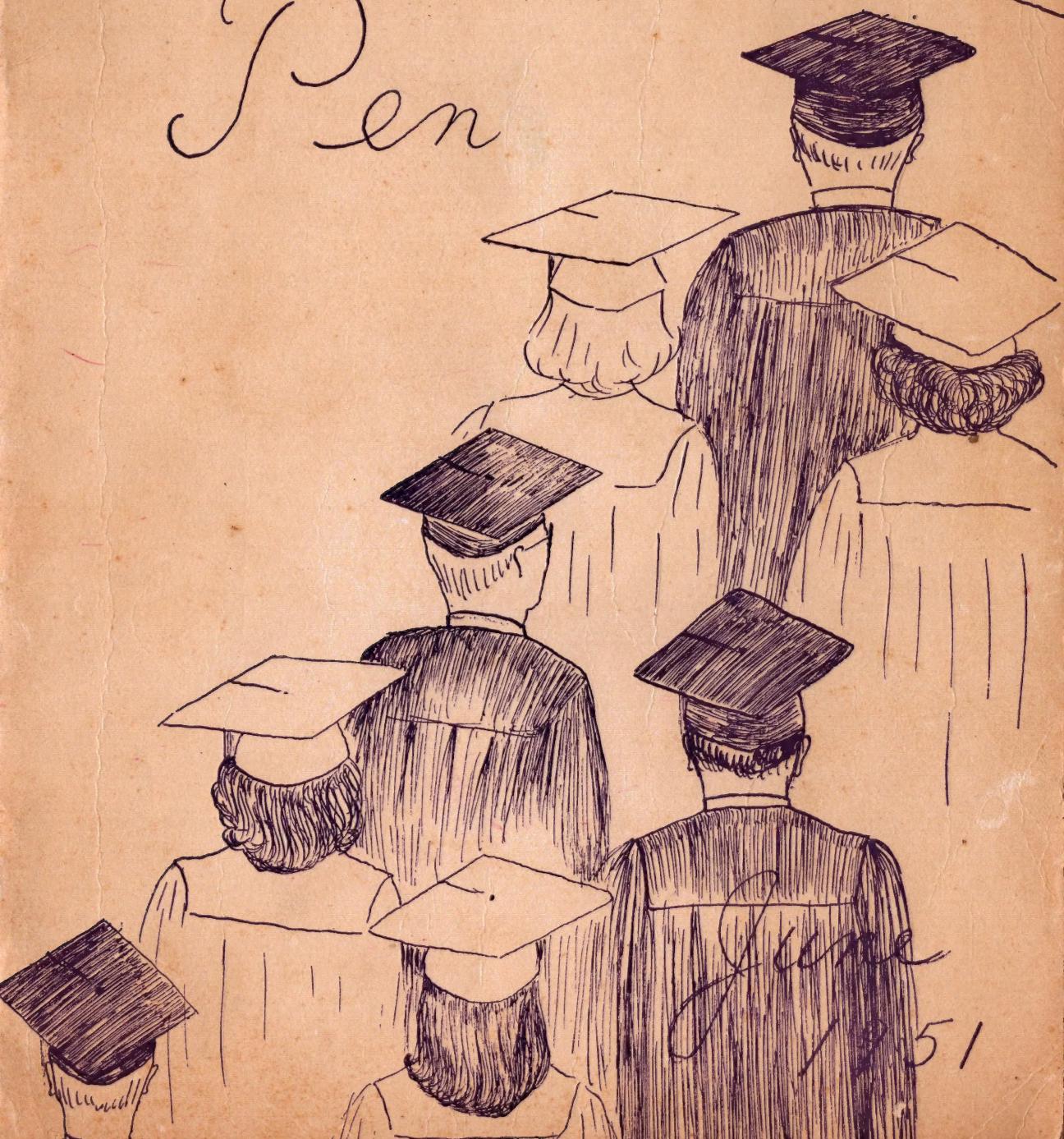


The Student's Pen



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College
September 1951

Dear Mom,
the cookies you sent must have
ravaged. Next time
and
been good, everyone
please label "books"
I sure miss
everything else about PHS
please send me the first
of the Student's pen as soon
as possible

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From the EDITOR'S DESK

The Berkshires Appreciate Fine Art

By Nancy Quirk

BERKSHIRE County is proud of its scenic beauty, but no less proud of its cultural institutions.

In 1930 Ted Shawn established Jacob's Pillow, the University of the Dance, east of Lee. At Tanglewood Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the world-famous Berkshire Festival. And in Stockbridge many Broadway stars appear at the Berkshire Playhouse. But now all these are being augmented by the establishment of the Robert Sterling Clark Art Institute at Williamstown.

Robert Sterling Clark, a New York millionaire and comparatively anonymous collector of silver and other works of art has decided to erect a museum at Williamstown to house his collection. And although it has been announced that the institute has been founded for the "acquisition, preservation and exhibition of fine art", most of the details and conditions remain a mystery. Further evidence of mystery lies in the reason for Mr. Clark's choosing Williamstown for the site. He has explained that it is not a gift to the college, but rather to "art students and scholars in general and Western Massachusetts particularly."

Until this time, The Boston Museum of

Fine Arts thought that it owned the finest collection of silver in the United States. But the curator of the museum admitted that Mr. Clark's collection is the finest he has ever seen. Included in the Clark collection are pieces of silver ranging in period from the Elizabethan to later 19th century.

But besides the tremendous collection of silver, Mr. Clark owns some of the finest paintings of the 19th century. However, like the silver, these paintings, sculptures, and drawings have never been seen by the public. Nor has the general public any idea how large this fabulous collection might be.

P. H. S. students are exceptionally fortunate in having so many cultural assets in their immediate environment. Colleges and universities often provide these additional facilities by having lecture series, concerts and access to museums and libraries. But most high schools cannot make available all these extra-curricular opportunities. In fact many advanced schools would appreciate having in their proximity all the activities which the Berkshire environment provides.

The establishment of this institute should encourage more appreciation of art, and we hope that its influence is as great as that of Tanglewood and the others.

Beyond Graduation — What?

By Nancy Quirk

BECAUSE a person only graduates once from high school, each phase of the Commencement exercises is important to him. Each graduate realizes that he is leaving a part of his life—the only part familiar up to this point—behind him. Each realizes, too, that he is standing on some new threshold, and it is just what is beyond that threshold that is important.

We are inclined to think that this year there is something different. Graduating classes aren't very often faced with the situation that is now before us. There haven't been many times throughout the years when graduates have had to be hesitant about enter-

ing an institution of higher learning because they might be inducted into the armed forces. This fact alone has probably caused the decrease in the number of boys who will enter college in the fall, as compared with the number of girls this year or boys in other years.

It is a poor supposition that war, alone or combined with other factors, can bring peace. And yet, in our generation, boys graduating have twice been confronted with this kind of thing.

At the risk of sounding pessimistic or bitter, we hope that graduates in years hence will not be faced with the same situation, but we think they probably will—even though we have twice fought "the war to end war."

A Vote of Thanks

By Nancy Quirk

TO Miss Haylon for doing so much beyond the usual capacity of an adviser;

To Miss Pfeiffer, who will never be able to retire from THE PEN entirely, and without whom we'd probably never go to press;

To all the associate editors—Tish McCarty for never forgetting a deadline meant a story; Emily Dennis for giving us the wonderful illustrations, covers, and all the extra help that makes the difference in whether or not a magazine will come out; Janet Lewis for being able to rhyme the words of the English language; Irma Bosma for keeping tabs on the happenings around PHS; Natalie Klein for keeping us in contact with our alumni; Edward Sadlowski and Donald Bishop for giving us up-to-date news on the vocational boys; Bob Prentiss for keeping us posted on our newest course, Technical; Lil Gaudette, for all the news around the girls' gym; Carl

Maynard for enabling us to follow PHS teams; Ed Herberg and David Pryde for giving us the wonderful pictures; Jeanne Debacker for keeping our mailing lists straight and for teaming up with Sheila McCormick to do such a fine job on the Career Corner; Peter Rosenfeld for providing the humor, without which no publication is complete; Jean Trudell without whose diligence in securing advertisements we wouldn't even have a magazine;

And anyone else who contributed to THE PEN in any way to help us bring home the CSPA award and to put out a magazine of which PHS has a right to be proud.

Thanks so much for such cooperation. We're sorry to see the seniors, who give us that touch of sophistication, leave; we hope to have all the undergraduates back with us in September.

A Thousand Eyes

By Michal Lubin

A THOUSAND eyes—a thousand eyes!" The voice came from out of the darkness around her. She put her hands over her ears so as not to hear the harsh sound. Suddenly it was no longer dark. Everywhere she looked she saw eyes, blue, brown, gray, green,—each one staring at her with a burning hatred, and again the voice—"A thousand eyes!"

Then it was quiet. She was no longer in darkness; she was in a meadow. The sun shone on the tall grass swaying in the gentle breeze. The bees buzzed lazily around the purple lilacs. The summer sky was a peaceful azure broken here and there by wisps of clouds. All was quiet and lazy. She was young and happy. An old man came walking slowly, laboriously through the grass towards her.

"Poor old man," she thought. "He's blind. How terrible to be blind—never to see this lovely day again."

Now the man was before her. He smiled and then spoke, his voice high and cracked, pleading: "A thousand eyes," he seemed to be saying, "I must have a thousand eyes."

She covered her ears with her hands. Why? Why did she always hear that voice saying—a thousand eyes? The old man kept repeating and repeating—"I must have a thousand eyes."

His voice grew louder and louder until she thought that her ear drums must burst. She turned and fled, but he followed.

The scene shifted again, and before her was a train. The sun was still shining and the sky was still blue when she boarded the train, with the old man right behind her, his voice drumming in her ears. The train started with a jerk. She sat down. The blind man sat beside her.

"It's a lovely day," he said.
The train was heading toward a tunnel.

And then again, urgently, "I must have a thousand eyes!"

They were in the tunnel now. It was black; the darkness surrounded her, then the eyes, and all the while, the voice went on. She screamed and covered her face with her hands. There was a loud crash, then the smell of fire; shooting pains ran through her eyes. She could hear herself screaming: "No, not my eyes! Give me back my eyes! My eyes—eyes!" Then total darkness.

She awoke. From her bedroom she could hear the sound of voices in the kitchen, water running; she could smell fresh coffee. With the help of her cane, the old woman got slowly out of bed. She walked hesitantly, gropingly toward the door. A large German police dog touched her cold veined hand with his nose.

"Ah, Rex," she sighed as she caressed him. "The dreams were worse than ever last night."

He led her slowly to the kitchen.

THE CURFEW

By Marilyn Case '53

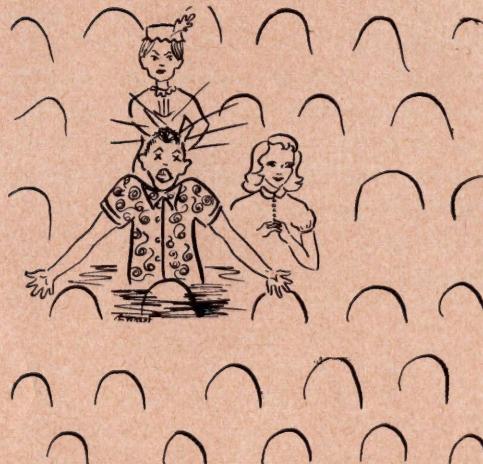
When dusk falls on the valley
And the laborer's homeward bound
And the drops of dew begin to form
You may hear the curfew's mournful sound.
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!
Ringing through the little dale.

When the people say good-night
And their little lamps go out
And you hear the crickets' chirping choir
The curfew echoes round about.
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!
Sounding through the deserted vale.

When all is calm, peaceful, still
And the owl begins his nightly call
And the wild creatures roam about
The ringing curfew reaches all.
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!
Echoing o'er the mountain trail.

Take Me Out To The Ball Game

By Robert Prentiss '53



DESPITE the commands of bellicose policemen to "quit crowding," the crowd pushes and tugs as they wait in line at the ticket booth. It's the usual mad stampede to procure a ticket before the commencement of the game. The mob becomes rougher and rougher, and many are the clamors to "get the lead out of yer pants!" You sigh with great relief. Thank heaven, only twenty-seven more persons ahead of you. Soon you're next in line.

"How many?" the ticket girl questions.

"Er—er—two," you falter.

Frantically, you fumble about in your pockets for your wallet. Then, the bitter truth dawns upon you that your wallet has been lost. You become even more nervous when you spy out of the corner of your eye, Pat, standing near the gate, and urging you to "hurry up."

The ticket seller assumes the impudent expression she usually reserves for such occasions and asks sharply, "Young man, are you going to pay me?"

You hesitate. A big rowdy shakes you from behind and yells in your ear to "git a move on ya, phoney, or I'll bash yer teeth in!"

You've about to explain the situation when an aged lady comes to your rescue. She taps

you on the shoulder and says, "I believe you've lost your wallet. Is this it?"

You reply hurriedly, "Yeah, thanks," grab it, pay the clerk, and dart toward your impatient Pat, while the old lady's admonition, "What manners!", still rings in your ears.

Immediately, Pat starts pestering you with her confounded questions: "Where were you?", "What took so long?", "Do you know that I was worried to death over you?"

You ignore her questions, hand your tickets to the collector, and enter the park. Then, the rush to get a seat becomes a real stampede, but you finally reach the bleachers after being thoroughly mauled by pocketbooks, fingernails, and pointed shoes.

The game is about to start! The sports announcer is speaking his usual lingo, "And what a day it is here at Wahconah! Ol' Sol is out! The sky's a heavenly blue! Perfect baseball weather! And just look at the excellent condition of this park!"

"Sure, sure," you agree sarcastically, all the time gazing at the mud puddle out there near second base.

The announcer is about to give the line-up! You strain your ears to catch the information and they are severely rapped by the umbrella of that same old lady whom you'd previously encountered at the ticket booth.

"Land sakes, young man! Do you by any chance realize that you're sitting on my brand new calico dress? Goodness me! What's this younger generation coming to! Do you know how much this dress cost? Of all the uncouth urchins I've ever observed, you capture the prize! Why, when I was a girl—blah, blah!"

And so, the next hour is spent trying to apologize, she giving you a lecture and not even allowing you to get your oar in. Finally, she signs off in the middle of the fourth inning.

Then, the pitcher hurls a fast outside curve. It's a grounder out to shortstop. The

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batter slides into first safely as the first baseman fumbles the catch. And so, the first error of the day.

"Too bad that curve didn't work," you say to Pat.

As an answer, you receive a confidential whisper, "Don't you think that pitcher is handsome?"

In response, you bah like a lamb. Then, red blotches appear behind your ears because that elderly lady next to you has noted that you're holding Pat's hand, and Grandma is shocked.

Later, Pat informs you that she has dropped her handkerchief under the bleachers. You are drafted into subbing for Alley Oop. You swing under the stands. Crunch! Someone steps on your fingers before you have time to drop to earth.

While holding on for dear life, you can't resist yelling, "What's the big idea!"

A broad face peers down at you. Instantly, you recognize its owner to be the big rowdy who growled at you back at the ticket booth, the one who had proposed bashing your teeth in.

"Say somethin', keed?" he asks.

"Gulp! No! Y-y—you m—musta be—been m—mistaken," you stammer out.

He nods, and disappears, but not until he has squashed your fingers again.

After a tedious search which involves peering under all newspapers and discarded popcorn boxes, you finally discover Pat's handkerchief. You hand it up to her. Then, something sharp hits your head. It's that lady's umbrella which she has dropped.

"Will you hand me that umbrealla, young man?"

Even though you are loath to, her wishes have to be gratified. Then, you are bombarded with orders from others.

"Get me that lighter, mister."

"I dropped my ring."

"Hey, boy, hand me my pocketbook."

Hence, you become acquainted with everybody who has lost anything. And that's almost everybody in the ballpark! After

having complied with these requests and regained your seat, you learn that it's the top of the ninth, that the score between the City All-Stars and the County Aces is tied-up, five to five, and that, according to Pat, Clancy the cop, is going to arrest one of the players for stealing bases. Excitement is at a high pitch. There are two outs, and the shortstop for the City All-Stars is at bat. The pitcher heaves a fast ball.

"Strike one!" cries the umpire.

A slow curve. It's a called strike. In reply, the crowd boos. A pop bottle lands at the umpire's feet, pegged by some angry fan. Then, there's the wind-up for the third pitch!

Someone behind you cries, "Hey, mister, got a match!"

You turn your head to say, "No, I don't smoke."

And look what happens! The burly shortstop cracks a homer over the fence to break up the game. You turn around. The crowd is dispersing.

"What happened? What happened?" you yell.

Pat says she wasn't paying any attention, her interest being concentrated upon her hot dog.

She expresses a wish to remain in the bleachers until after the crowd has thinned out, so you decide to get a little satisfaction out of this misspent afternoon by holding hands once more with Pat. At least, so you think. But lo and behold! Your heart takes a sudden jolt as you become conscious that you are holding hands with the old lady. A mistake, naturally.

"My land, how forward!" the lady screams.

Pat, who has been leaning sleepily on your shoulder, becomes alive at once.

"Of all the two-timing! Boo-hoo! Don't ever speak to me again!" she sobs.

And she departs without listening to your explanation. You follow humbly at her heels like a dog, striving to make up, but to no avail. A dismal rain breaks loose. You plod disconsolately home. Isn't life the darndest!

First Formal

By Muriel Daniels



THERE comes a time in every teen-ager's life when there is an expressed desire to do something really big. To some, that moment comes when one first learns how to drive, or perhaps when one is allowed to go on the first trip by himself. But I'll bet that there are thousands of teen-agers whose biggest thrill came at the time of their first formal. Such is the case with the hero and heroine of this story, Billy Jones and Edie Roberts.

It is Prom time. There is hardly a senior who cannot feel the tension mount as that special day approaches, especially those who have not yet received their invitation and who are patiently waiting for that certain someone to pop that very important question.

As our story begins, we find our hero, Billy, on his way to lunch. We cannot help noting a look of consternation on his face, for as yet he has not mustered up enough courage to ask his favorite girl to the dance. His thoughts, of course, are of how to ask the young lady without his usual faltering when he gets to the most important part. He has already tried the casual approach, but failed miserably when he reached the crucial moment. He has even tried the brash, masculine approach, but that, too, was deemed a failure.

Now he is getting desperate, for time is running out. If he doesn't ask Edie soon, someone else will beat him to it. So alack and alas, he has decided that at this first encounter with Edie, no matter how nervous and flustered he is, he is going to ask her to be his date.

It so happens that at this momentous second our heroine appears on the scene.

"Edie, hey, wait for me," cries Billy, spotting her. "Edie, would you, could you, uh," (his voice begins to tremble) are you going to be busy on June 16? You're not? Well, then, would you, could you, I mean, Edie; aw—you know what I mean. Will you come to the Prom with me? You will! oh, boy! that's swell! I'll call you up tonight, and you can tell me what kind of flowers you want. I'll have my dad's car. Well, there goes the bell, Edie. See you later."

Some would say why not end the story now. After all, Billy has his date and everyone is happy. But if I did this I would be telling only half a story. For as Billy was worrying as to how he would ask Edie, Edie was naturally worried that perhaps she would not be asked at all. Let's be real nosey and look into the life of Edie Roberts before the scene of a few moments ago.

As we find our heroine, we see that she, too, has a harried look on her face. She is going through the usual girlish rituals which take place when a young lady finds herself without a date. She is taking herself apart, looking over all her petty faults. Now, she knows that she's quite attractive; at least she has been told so on many occasions. Of course, she has been having quite a few sundaes after school every day. Maybe she shouldn't have had that extra whipped cream with her banana split yesterday. But, no, it couldn't be that; Mother, at least would have said something. Perhaps Billy thinks that she's too obvious in her intentions

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by the way she always happens to turn up wherever he is. It couldn't be that. Why, it was only a day or so ago that he happened to mention how shy and delicate he thought she was. Why, that's it! he thinks she's a clinging vine. No boy likes a girl who can't stand on her own two feet. The next time she would offer to carry his books.

After thinking of various ways to improve herself, Edie has made a desperate decision. She is going to trap Billy into taking her to the Prom. All she has to do is to harp on the subject long enough and she can't help but trap him. Just tell him about Mabel and Johnny, who are looking for another couple to double date with. Tell him about the beautiful new gown that is hanging in her closet just waiting to be worn. You know the old saying, give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. Well, this is bound to work on Billy; anyway, it's sure worth a try.

You already know the rest of the story. Billy turned up just then and took Edie out of her dilemma by asking her to the Prom. Neither Edie nor Billy will ever guess the anxiety that the other went through, but I guess all that worry and bother are a part of one's first formal.

THE STORM

By Marilyn Case '53

The night was gathering o'er the hill,
The world was yet serene and still,
The wind blew gently to and fro,
The stars were bright, the earth aglow.
Suddenly from nowhere came
The stormy winds and heavy rain.
The stars which twinkled in the blue
Were covered up and hid from view.
The lightning lit the world below
The thunder struck a heavy blow.
The branches bent beneath the strain
Of the fierce wind and pelting rain.
Then as the dawn was drawing near
The storm subsided. All was clear.



THE DREAMER

By Ellen Hogan '53

A dreamer's many roving thoughts
Can travel far and wide
Across the mighty ocean with
Its foam-flecked waves and tide;
Far past the distant mountains
With their shades of purple-blue;
Beyond the evening sunset
Resplendent in its hue.

Through the medium of dreaming
He traverses foreign sands.
And his wanderings take him often
To some strange, exciting lands.
From the Arctic and the Orient
To Jupiter and Mars—
To a wonderous Utopia
Amid the lustrous stars.

He can hear the fairies calling
On the evening summer breeze
And can understand the whisperings
Of the branches in the trees.
In the stately mountains' grandeur
He can see cathedrals fair,
And on gleaming banks of clouds
He builds his castles in the air.

More Power To You

By Peter Rosenfeld

B
EING a lover of nature, fresh air, exercise and what have you, I answered a very emphatic "yes" when questioned if I desired a short five-mile walk. I found myself, a minute later, tugging the lawn mower from the garage. The next minute found me still tugging, this time at a small rope wound around a circular pipe-shaped rod that supposedly, when made to revolve at a sufficient rate of speed, provides the impetus that starts the gas motor of the lawn mover. After many unsuccessful pulls, in between which I was sent flying by an improperly wound rope, I realized I had forgotten to pull out the choke which provides the needed stimulus to a cold engine. This very act hampers progress, since pulling the whole body to get more momentum is impossible with both hands in use.

A few more unfruitful tugs awakened me to the fact that I was not getting enough traction because the wheels were slipping each time. I pulled, whereupon I applied the pressure of my foot to the wheel. Understand, of course, that between every pull I had to rewind the rope which added to the tediousness of the affair. At any rate, the deafening roar of the motor served notice that the desired results had been achieved.

Finally behind the wheel, my first sensation was that of carbon dioxide fumes being thrown up into my face by the exhaust. Some hastily-devised makeshift masks having failed, I submitted to these fumes, consoling myself with the knowledge that it would take an hour or two before total suffocation could take place.

There was a stretch of almost an hour, a sudden putter; and then that strange sound of silence informed me that the forgotten gas supply needed attention, which it got, thereby awarding itself a vacation to lick its wounds. The details of starting, already vividly-known, are once more endured.

Another uneventful stretch—uneventful if you consider a constant flow of gas fumes and a perpetual roar from the engine of no consequence—brings me to the end of the lawn and back to the garage. Incidentally, playing "follow the leader" with my lawn mower has a slight variation on the usual technique followed, as the follower leads the leader.

As I shut off the lawn mower, an accident involving the contact of hand and spark plug is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and my own. You may be a lover of power engines and, if so, more power to you; but I'll take a good old-fashioned hand lawn mower myself.

VACATION TIME

By Sara Morgan

The rooms are quiet;
The corridors chill.
The desks and chairs
Are empty and still.
Down in the gym
It's damp and cool.
Is there anything duller
Than an empty school?

No sound of students
Loud trampling feet,
No maddening rush
When it's time to eat.
The echoing stillness
Fills each corner and nook.
We've left no reminders,
Not even a book.

In September the students
Through these rooms will pour.
But right now I'll walk softly
Out the big open door.

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The New Boy

By Kathleen Keegan

DO you remember 'way back when—I think it was about six weeks ago—when that new boy, Bob Lincoln, came into your class? It was right after the Junior Prom and nearing the end of the school term. When the rest of your class came in to take their seats in bookkeeping class, they didn't really notice Bob at all. But when you came in you couldn't help but notice him. He was sitting right in your seat.

"Hi, there," you cheerfully greeted him. "Hate to bother you, but that's my seat you're sitting in."

"I'm sorry, but I didn't see any gold-plated name plates on it. What makes you think you've got any special privileges over it?" he barked.

Right away, you knew that this boy was going to be tough to handle. Most boys didn't speak to you that way. You were rather taken back by it.

"That's the seat that was assigned to me at the beginning of the term," you coldly answered.

From that minute on, you tried to ignore him completely, but there was something about the look in his eyes that just seemed to draw you to him. From different members of your class you heard little odds and ends about his home life and him. You learned that his father had been in the Navy in the Second World War, and had gone down with his ship. And you learned that his mother did house cleaning in order to pay expenses for both of them. What you didn't know was that Bob took care of kids on Saturday evenings, and that he worked in a grocery store every day after school and all day Saturday. And you didn't know that on Sundays he worked in a local drive-in theater. No, you didn't know all that—and neither did any of the other kids in your class. You all just thought that Bob let his mother earn his keep.

And then came that Saturday night when Bob's complete history was finally revealed. He was taking care of the Linker children, a family that lived down the block from you. There were four children in the family: Johnnie, Charlie, Jimmy, and Pat. Pat was the baby of the family and always getting into some sort of trouble.

Bob had finally got the four youngsters into bed and was starting his homework. Usually when Bob put the boys to bed they fooled around for at least a half hour, but tonight they were strangely quiet. Bob sat there doing his homework when suddenly he heard a scream from the boys' room. At first when he heard the scream he thought it was probably just the boys having fun. But when the scream came a second time, he knew by the frantic appeal in the tone of the voice that this time there was no joke connected to it.

He reached the second floor in two seconds flat. As he came to the boys' room, he saw the smoke curling out from under the door. A wall of flame greeted him as he pushed open the door. Fighting his way through it, he herded the boys in front of him and down the stairs out the door. Then he started to check to see how badly they were hurt.

Johnnie—okay. Charlie—just a few minor burns. Jimmy—not a scratch. Pat—Pat—where was Pat? He was here just a second ago. "He went back after his matches," Jimmy managed to mumble through his tears.

HIS matches! So that was how it started! But no time for that now. Bob dashed back into the house and up the stairs to the boys' room. By now the hallway was such a blazing inferno that Bob couldn't get by it to the room. He rushed into Mr. Linker's den. He remembered seeing a small ledge outside of the den window connecting the den with the boys' room. He pushed up the window and,

sure enough, there was the ledge. It was about a foot wide but Bob simply had to get to that room. He inched his way along the outside of the house to the window of the room, then dashed his fist through the pane.

Jumping into the room, he hastily glanced about looking for Pat. But no signs of him anywhere. Just as he was about to give up hope, Bob noticed that the closet door was ajar. Sure enough, there was Pat, now unconscious from the smoke and fumes. Bob picked him up and made his way back to the window and the ledge. As he climbed into the den, Bob could hear the fire engines coming down the street. At least they could save the back part of the house.

The next day, when you went down to the hospital with your class to visit Bob, you learned the secret of Bob's strange behavior toward everyone. It seems he had had a brother who had also been in the Navy with his father, only his brother hadn't done anything heroic as his father had. Instead, his brother had squeezed into a life boat which simply couldn't hold another passenger. There was another life boat available, but Bob's brother was afraid it would be too late by the time that they got that one lowered, so he had crowded into the first boat. Because of the extra passenger, the entire life boat sank and no one was saved.

When news of his brother's deed reached home, Bob's many relatives started sniping at him, telling him that he was no doubt just as cowardly as his brother had been. That had ruined Bob's self-respect. He couldn't seem to adjust himself to living with other people until he could prove to himself somehow that he wasn't cowardly as his brother had been. And now Bob had finally convinced himself.

Yes, that was quite an exciting news topic around the town for a couple of weeks. And then, when Bob was at length released from the hospital quite recovered from his many burns, he asked you to be his girl. You, of course, accepted.

Yes, isn't it nice to reminisse?

SCHOOL DAYS

By Janet Lewis '52

First comes French. Oh, happy day!
Says the teacher, "Parlez-vous français?"
"Oui, oui, monsieur, but not too good,
Although I really wish I could."

The bell now rings, so off I go
To history in a manner slow,
For the teacher, I fear, will spring a test,
And my lesson isn't at its best.

Now to Algebra, Y and Z,
Add Y to Z and then you'll see,
That Z equals Y, and Y equals Z,
And the whole equals X most naturally.

Time out now to go to lunch.
With lots of gossip as we munch.
Seniors, juniors, and sophomores say,
"This is the happiest time of the day."

Now I go to Chemistry class,
To prepare a little hydrogen gas.
'Tis hot stuff when lit, so I'd better not fool,
Or I'll blow the roof right off the school.

Literature next where I read "Macbeth."
That book, I fear, will be my death.
The buzzer sounds, and the day is done,
So home I run to have some fun.

SUMMER RAIN

By Sara Morgan

The hiss of tires on a shiny street
The squish of mud beneath my feet
The rattling clatter in the windswept trees
The clear fresh smell on the quiet breeze
The thunder echoing from the hills
The dashing rush of streams and rills
The constant drum on my window pane
The wet, smooth grass along the lane
Return again with summer rain.

June, 1951

Warriors in the Night

By Janet Lewis '52

IT had been a hot, still day, and that night when I looked out the window at the sky, just before I went to bed, I noticed that there was a halo around the moon and that no starlight penetrated the heavy, dark atmosphere.

I was soon in bed, but try as I might I couldn't get to sleep. Besides, the air was sluggish and stuffy, making it hard to breathe, so I moved my pillow and myself to the bottom of the bed which was next to the window.

After a while the air became cooler, and a gentle breeze lulled me to sleep.

Next thing I knew I was awake. A sharp, wet wind was whipping fiercely into my face, and the trees near by were moaning with unearthly music as they bent themselves before the blast. High above, the dark clouds fought with one another as the fury of their contents dashed earthward.

Quickly I closed the window just as a flaming sword darted down into the very heart of the ground, and the light cast from it illuminated the whole room into a pattern of silvery shadows that changed into ghostly figures which lurked in every corner with clutching fingers.

I pulled the covers over my head and lay still, not daring to move, with my heart pounding like a million hammers within me, and my breath coming in short, rapid gasps.

There I felt protected, the blankets hiding me from the eyes of the shadows, while the fighting continued in the heavens, as the clouds like war ships on a rolling sea battered each other.

Finally the fighting diminished, and soon only the muffled roar of guns could be heard resounding from the distant hilltops, as the peaceful rain patterning on the roof sang its quiet song, which assured me that the world might go to rest again. Then sleep took the place of my fear which had vanished with the storm.

BADMINTON

By Lil Gaudette

Birdies are flying all over the gym,
The rackets are swinging with vigor and vim.
Seniors and Juniors and little Sophs too,
Are trying their best for a chance to come through.

'Tis tournament time at old P. H. S.
At this time the winners are anyone's guess—

Wagner and Principe, a treat sure to view
Zofrea and Gaudette are both tricky too.
A very keen pair are Persip and Shantz,
But Hodecker and Tully begin to advance.
Cook and Gale's techniques are the cleverest,
But running close second are Coughlin and Everest.

Madden and Calebaugh both tall and thin,
Meet Case and Noon with the merriest grin.
Lumont and Lorita, a most quiet pair,
Play with assurance and very great care.
There are many others we cannot yet name
Who'll play to the finish this badminton game.

The Tournament's fun for all of scamps,
A toast to the winners! Hurrah for the Champs!

SUMMER MELODY

By Kathleen Keegan

I'm always glad when summer comes
For everything in summer hums.
The blowing wind, the rippling brooks,
The leaves so high up in the trees,
The children's voices as they play
Add music as they laugh in glee.
In summer showers there's rain that drums.
Just everything in summer hums!

THE SKY

By Marilyn Case '53

When silver moonbeams shine about
And all the pretty stars come out,
The sky looks like a maiden fair
Who wears the starlets in her hair;
But when morn comes with heavy dew,
The sky's a great big patch of blue.



Alumni Notes

Congratulations to all the alumni who, in the course of the past year, have made the Dean's List. Some of them include the following:

Margaret Brown, '49, Hood College
 Peggy Ann Brown, '50, Univ. of Mass.
 Donald Broverman, '45, Union College
 Barbara Ann Burgner, '47, Smith College
 Donald Carpenter, '49, Syracuse Univ.
 Arlene Cohen, '48, Syracuse Univ.
 John Coughlin, '49, Harvard Univ.
 Patricia Daignault, '50, Univ. of Mass.
 Barbara Depew, '49, Becker Jun. College
 Marion Felton, '50, Univ. of Mass.
 Ernest Ferris, '50, Holy Cross College
 Albert Gavenas, '40, Bryant College
 Selma Garbowitz, '48, Univ. of Mass.
 Philip Gerlach, '43, Defiance College
 Mary Granfield, '48, Univ. of Mass.
 Dorothy Green, '49, Westbrook Jun. Coll.
 Joseph Handler, '48, Union College
 Richard Holleran, '50, R. P. I.
 Doris Lovejoy, '41, Bryant College
 Daniel MacDonald, '47, St. Michael's Coll.
 Ruth McKean, '47, Hood College
 Evio Menia, '43, Bryant College
 Earl Proper, '45, New Eng. Cons. of Music
 Marilyn Reder, '47, Smith College
 Alma Rosenfield, '48, Smith College
 Claire Rosenfield, '48, Smith College
 Barbara Silver, '50, Smith College

Laura Stoskin, '48, Univ. of Mass.
 Marjorie Ann Sullivan, '47, Univ. of Mass.
 Elizabeth Tanch, '47, Women's Coll. of the Univ. of North Carolina
 William Troy, '44, Boston Univ.
 Marcia Viale, '50, Univ. of Mass.
 Henry Williams, '45, Union College
 Eileen Zemmel, '48, Bridgewater State Teach. College

Robert Lambert, '47, will graduate from Holy Cross in June. He was the manager of the freshman baseball team, and in 1950 he was the official statistician on the basketball team.

Joan Hamilton, class of '50, is a freshman at Smith College. Recently Joan gave a piano solo at a student recital sponsored by the department of music.

A member of the freshman class at Duke University is James Cederstrom, a 1950 graduate of Pittsfield High.

Carl Lunde is a freshman in the School of Engineering at Pennsylvania State College, and he is also a midshipman in the NROTC unit at the college.

Ann Meagher, Betty Aitcheson, and Jo-Ann Pilsbury, all members of the class of '50, are studying at North Adams State Teachers College.

Daryl Lincoln, '50, is studying dancing at the School of Ballet Art in New York City.

Master of Music degrees. He attended New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and majored in piano. Since then, he has taught in six different states (Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Nebraska, and Massachusetts) besides holding numerous other positions.

However, Mr. Gorman's love for music has not entirely taken up his time. He has been quite athletic, too. In Somerville High he was a fullback on the football team, and he has always been fond of all sports. He loves the outdoors; his favorite pastime has been walking. When he was in Adams, he used to walk to the Berkshire Restaurant in Pittsfield.

This is just a short summary of the life of this inspiring teacher. In closing, Mr. Gorman says:

"I've enjoyed my stay here with the students very much, and probably I'll miss them for awhile. Many have gone on and made themselves notable in music, holding prominent positions—some in symphony orchestras, and in army, navy, and marine bands. Many have gone to college and made glee clubs, orchestras, and bands."

"I strongly advise you, students, to take part in all musical organizations—any time, any place, any where. It'll do you a lot of good. If you don't take part, train yourselves to be good listeners. Listen to the music of symphony orchestras and of the great masters over the radio."

Pittsfield High owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gorman who in his eleven years in this school has done so much to make music a part of many students' lives. Many would not have had courage to persevere had it not been for the encouragement offered by him.

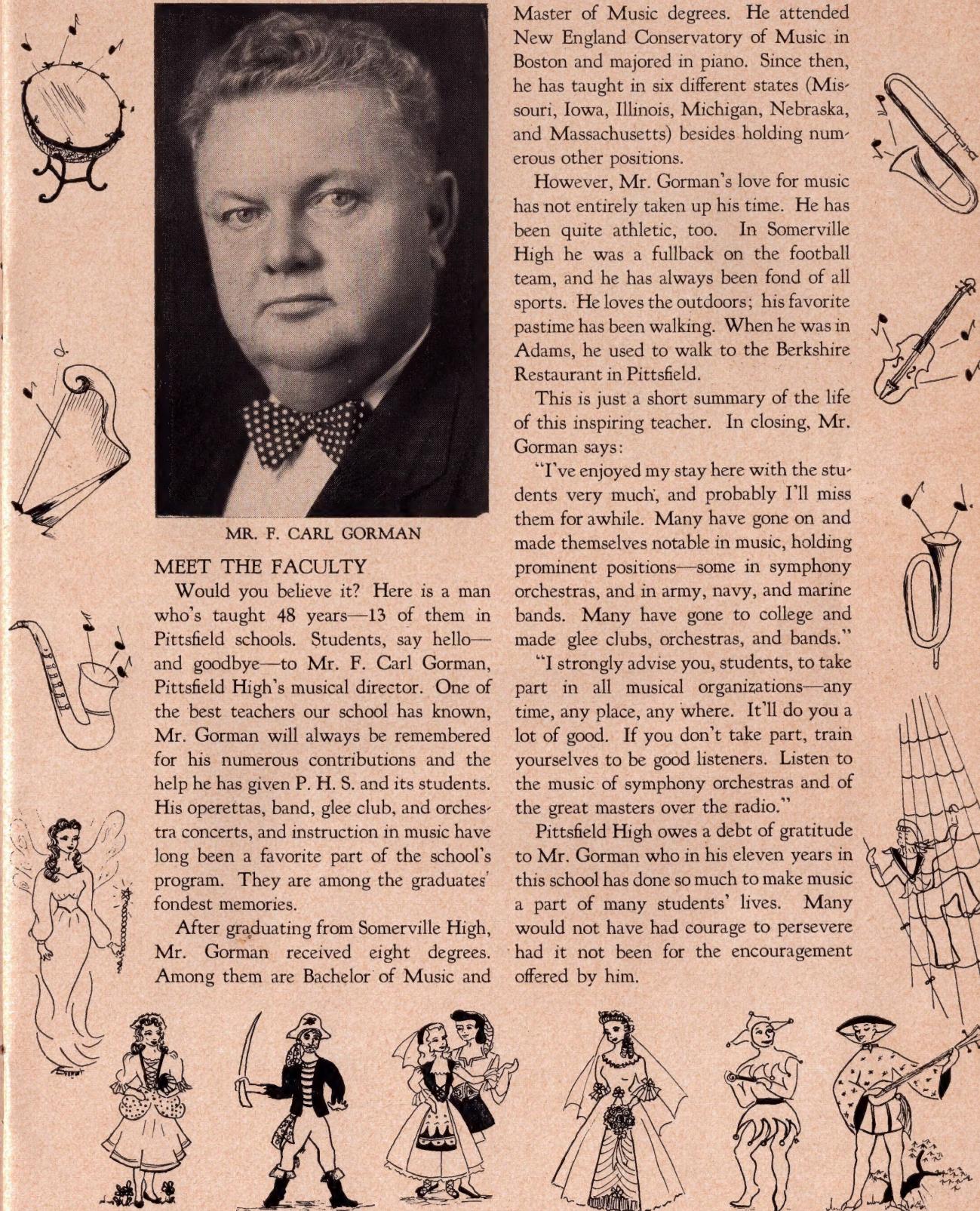


MR. F. CARL GORMAN

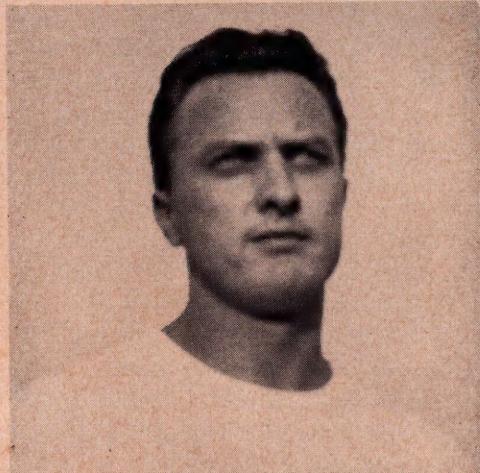
MEET THE FACULTY

Would you believe it? Here is a man who's taught 48 years—13 of them in Pittsfield schools. Students, say hello—and goodbye—to Mr. F. Carl Gorman, Pittsfield High's musical director. One of the best teachers our school has known, Mr. Gorman will always be remembered for his numerous contributions and the help he has given P. H. S. and its students. His operettas, band, glee club, and orchestra concerts, and instruction in music have long been a favorite part of the school's program. They are among the graduates' fondest memories.

After graduating from Somerville High, Mr. Gorman received eight degrees. Among them are Bachelor of Music and



CAREER CORNER



TED MEZEJEWSKI

SO you want to be a coach! Well, this month we had an interview with a good-looking fellow, whom we consider a promising young coach. His name is, of course, Ted Mezejewski, St. Joseph's new football coach, well known to all.

Strange as it seems, Ted is a Pittsfield High graduate. A student in the college prep course, he graduated in 1942 as a three letter man and an all-Berkshire star in basketball. The Armed Forces allowed him to complete only one semester at Providence College in Rhode Island.

During his three years in the service he was sent to all forty-eight states and then became an instructor in Louisiana.

After his discharge, he was granted a scholarship to Saint Bonaventure in Olean, New York. However, he returned, after a short time, to Providence College, where he continued his studies. There he was a member of the Monogram Club, which requires that its members be active in one varsity sport. Mr. Mezejewski obtained his letter in baseball.

When he received his Bachelor of Arts degree, he returned to Pittsfield, where he worked as a surveyor for the state, a position which he still holds.

Ted had worked with Coach John Lyons in 1946 and 1947; and when Mr. Lyons resigned, the job was entirely his.

Since coaching is strenuous work, during the football season he works at no other occupation. Ted also remarked that he received from Pittsfield's Coach Stewart and Coach Carmody valuable assistance. As you may guess Ted's biggest thrill came when his team beat Pittsfield High last fall. Ted has made a fine start, and he wants to be a college coach.

As a spectator, he is an ardent Yankee fan, and yes, we're quoting him, "The Yankees will win the pennant." Sugar Ray Robinson ranks high as a boxer in his estimation. He is active in the American Legion, Polish Community Club and belongs to the Coaching Association.

All you young aspiring coaches take this advice from one who knows. Ted says to get your college degree by all means and if possible a master's degree. Be prepared to work and worry and follow Ted's motto:

"A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits!"

THE FIREFLY

By Marilyn Case '53

A tiny light goes sailing by
Through the darkness, through the sky
It's such a tiny streak of light
The firefly brings to the night.

When daybreak comes, the light goes out;
Still the firefly sails about.
Then comes the night so cool and damp
The firefly relights his lamp.

College Acceptances

AS of May 10, the following students were accepted by these colleges. Congratulations and good luck to all of them.

Harriet Adelson, Sweetbriar \$100 scholarship Vanderbilt Univ.

Ruth Adelson, Univ. of Mass.

Constance Beecher, Adelphi

Carol Bencivenga, Lassell

Claire Bier, Univ. of Mass.

Madeline Cantarella, Barbizon Sch. of Modeling

Jeanne Debacher, College of St. Rose

Jeanne DeCelles, College of St. Rose

Emily Dennis, Vassar—\$200 scholarship from Berk. Co. Alumnae; \$400 scholarship from college

Shirley Ann Denno, Pembroke

Barbara Dube, Univ. of Mass.

Ann Eberle, Univ. of Mass.

Barbara Erickson, Arnold College

Diane Fairs, Vermont Jun. Coll.

Patricia Farrell, College of St. Rose

Nadia Fedoryshyn, Univ. of Mass.

Beverly Fulton, Univ. of Vermont

Edith Glaeser, New Eng. Cons. of Music

Susan Goldstein, Brandeis, Univ. of Vermont

Elinor Hashim, Simmons Coll., Univ. of Vt.

Joan Heaton, Bay Path Jun. Coll.

Janet Hodecker, Univ. of Mass.

Beverly Hyde, Lowell State

Natalie Klein, Univ. of Vermont

Josephine Lombardi, Larson Jun. Coll.

Helen Madden, College of St. Rose, Our Lady of the Elms

Sally McCambridge, Univ. of Mass.

Judy Meagher, No. Adams State Teach. Coll.

Ann Morrison, Westminster Choir Coll.

Santina Palano, Univ. of Mass.

Janet Peterson, Univ. of Mass.

Jane Phair, Bryant

Joan Phair, Bryant

Ruth Ann Phramer, College of St. Rose, Mt. Ida

Marlene Posner, Univ. of Vermont

Linda Reynolds, \$100 Reg. Schol. at Bryant

Beverly Rose, Keuka College

Jean Tuggy, Denison—\$225 scholarship from college; \$200 scholarship from American Baptist Association

Carol Tully, Our Lady of the Elms

Judith Vallin, Russell Sage

Charlene Vickery, Simmons Coll., Cornell

Carolyn Wagner, Bouve Boston Sch. of Physical Ed.

Lois Wilkes, College of St. Rose

Carolyn Willis, Eastman Sch. of Music, Adrian College

June Wooliver, St. Teresa

Ronald Allen, Univ. of Mass.

Robert Albrecht, Union College

Louis Allessio, New Eng. Aircraft School

Lester Broverman, Univ. of Mass.

William Buchanan, Univ. of Mass., Worcester Tech, Cornell Univ., Rochester Univ., Webb Inst. \$1280 scholarship

Edward Cohen, Univ. of Mass.

Robert Cohen, Univ. of Mass.

Eugene Donnelly, The Citadel

Ernest Dube, Univ. of Mass.

John Ernest, G. E. Apprentice Course

Dick Farr, G. E. Apprentice Course

James Garivaltis, Penn. Military College

Frank Germanowski, Clarkson College of Technology

Allen Gwynnells, Brown Univ.

Edward Herberg, Univ. of Mass.

Ronald Hovey, G. E. Apprentice Course

Charles Leavitt, Bryant

Neil Lipsey, Colorado Univ.

Ralph Magri, Clarkson College of Technology

Melvin Nash, Brandeis Univ.

John O'Brien, Providence College

Elliot Perrett, MIT \$600 schol., U. of Mass.

Harry Radke, Bryant

Robert Reagan, Univ. of Mass.

Bart Reeves, Bryant

Henry Rock, G. E. Apprentice Course

William Root, Rochester Institute

Anthony Ross, Providence College

Vincent Ruperto, Bryant

Charles Sammet, Brown Univ.

Robert Simmons, St. Michael's

Richard Snook, Gettysburg

Donald Sottung, Univ. of Mass.

Charles Walters, Worcester Tech

John Whalen, Univ. of Mass.

Kenneth Wilde, Univ. of Mass.

WHO'S WHO



CO-CHAIRMEN OF JUNIOR PROM

Pat Harmon and Jimmy Renzi, co-chairmen of the Junior Prom, are two very busy Juniors. Both like food and sports, Jimmy's preference being hamburg and onions, and the Yankees, while Pat's favorites are spaghetti and the Red Sox. Pat's pet peeve is stuck up people, but Jimmy can't stand cowboy pictures and sloppy girls. Both collect match book covers, and Jimmy plays the piano. Besides being chairman, Pat is vice president of Delta Tri-Hi-Y, a member of the glee club, band, and orchestra.

After graduation Jimmy hopes to go on to college, and Pat plans to be a secretary.

"LIL"

Here is Lil Gaudette, student, who can best be identified as "comedienne" and "best natured girl" of the senior class. While her "second home" is the gym, Lil engages in all sports (her hobby), with softball and swimming topping the list. She has taken diving honors for two years while she was captain of her team. The Red Sox and Pittsfield Electrics are Lil's favorites in the baseball field; chicken, in the field of food; and chemistry, in the school field. The name Lillian is her only pet peeve, and she states that boys in general are O. K.



CARL MAYES

You have, no doubt, seen this peppy senior playing football or basketball. He is also on the track squad. Carl has no favorite team, except the P. H. S. teams. His favorite subject is Psychology and his favorite teacher is Mr. Conroy. As for girls, there is no special one; they're all O. K. He lists as his favorite foods roast pork, ham, and spaghetti. He was on the program committee of the Senior Play and is on the ticket committee of the Senior Prom and on the committee for Class Day. As for the future, Carl's plan are to own his own business. We want to wish Carl success in anything he does.



June, 1951

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A TYPICAL SENIOR

Here's Tony Ross, a member of the Senior Class Council, who did a wonderful portrayal of Jack in the recent class play.

Like any other smart fan, Tony is an ardent follower of the Boston Red Sox. He likes Yankee fans—so he can tease them!

He lists eating as his favorite pastime, and study hall is runner up.

He also enjoys many of the current hit records, but he reveals that "I'm Yours to Command" is his favorite.

Tony plans to attend Providence College in the fall.

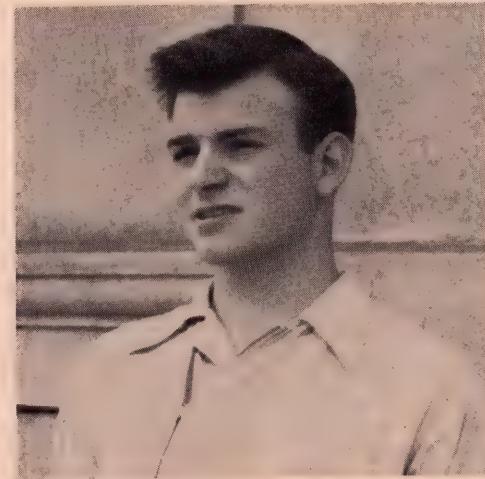


DICK SCARAFONI

The young man pictured here you will probably recognize as the little brother-chaperone in "Cheaper by the Dozen." He is Dick Scarafoni, one of our very active and popular seniors. He is a member of the hockey team, co-chairman of the Senior Prom, president of Hi-Y and a Senior Class representative.

Dick's favorite food is steak, nice and juicy. He enjoys swimming, and is a great fan of the Boston Braves.

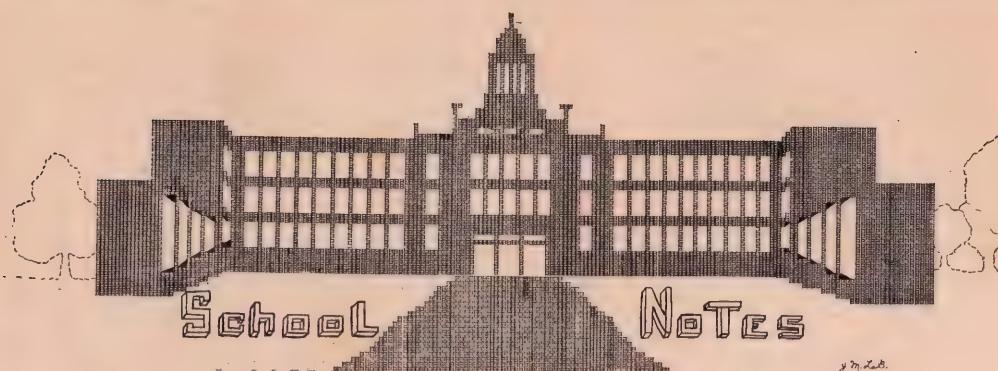
After graduation, Dick plans to attend college. Wherever you go and whatever you do, Dick, we wish you good luck.



PHOTOGRAPHER

This busy young man is Edward Herberg, better known as "Eddie" or "Herbie". His hobby is photography, and his favorite pastime is taking pictures. Eddie also likes gardening, dancing, and reading, and his pet peeve is "people who don't do their jobs." His favorite food is hamburgers. In school French and math rate high with him. Many activities keep him busy. He is chairman of photography for the Yearbook, corresponding and publicity secretary of the Camera Club, STUDENT'S PEN editor of photography, and high school correspondent for the Eagle. After graduation in June, Eddie plans to enter the University of Massachusetts.





Irma Bosma, Editor

Helen Madden, Shirley Ann Denno, Patricia Smith, Joan Sutton, Janet Hodecker, Peggy Navin
 Paula Coughlin, Peggy Dery, Judy Feder, Laura Dennis, Betty Jasper, Barbara Erickson,
 Harriet Adelson, Ellen Hogan, Marlene Goodwin, Cynthia Goldman, John Grady

THE GYM EXHIBITION

The Gym Exhibition, which was held Friday, April 13, was a big success. The auditorium was filled to capacity as the audience watched over 200 pupils take part in the various acts. The numbers were well planned and the costumes colorful. With the boys' and girls' numbers alternated, the program was opened with a Girls' Minstrel Chorus. A special favorite was "Christmas Eve in Toyland." The title song, composed by Miss McNaughton, was sung by Beverly Gallagher, while the "toys" accompanied the words of the song with various actions. The Physical Education teachers are to be congratulated on a very fine program. Everyone who had the pleasure of seeing it will be eagerly awaiting the next exhibition.

CHORAL CONCERT

On May 11 the Girls' Glee Club presented its annual choral concert. The concert was a success both socially and financially. Accompanists were Ann Wilde for the group and Rosemary Chanen for the soloists. A French horn solo was played by David Chiorgno, a flute solo by Grace Henderson, and a violin obbligato by Marlene Posner. The vocal soloists were Barbara Le Clair and Henry Rock.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The Print Shop has received most of its new monotype machine. For this they must have sound-proof rooms, on which the cabinet makers are working. Soon the machinery will be in full operation. As the close of school is not too far off, the printers are already making elementary and junior high school diplomas.

Besides finishing the sound proof rooms in the Print Shop, the woodworking students are making furniture for the new elementary schools.

Flame resistance test apparatus for the General Electric was made in the sheet metal shop recently. It is by far the biggest accomplishment so far this year. There has been a great demand for such apparatus ever since the mass production of plastic materials began, and when this new testing device was designed the Pittsfield High School was asked to make one. The finished product is something the students can be proud of.

The Drafting Department has finally finished the drawing, blueprinting, and photo-stating of the floor plans of the many public schools which are to be used as Civil Defense Centers. The Superintendent of Schools will have copies, and there will be a copy in each of the schools.

June, 1951

SENIOR PLAY

On May 26th the Senior Class gave its presentation of "Cheaper By The Dozen." A capacity audience laughed, and at times almost cried, as they watched the adventures and episodes of the Gilbreth Family.

Mickey Mehos, as father, and Lucretia Gerard, his wife, got most of the laughs with their efforts to straighten out the family's difficulties.

Eleanor Vogt was tops as the defiant daughter who shocked her father and her sisters with her attempts to become popular. Pauline Robillard, Patricia Farrell, and Lillian Wilson were the three younger sisters.

Lee Diefendorf, the cheerleader, had the audience roaring at his crazy antics. Edith Glaeser was also very comical in the part of Miss Brill, the teacher.

Others who did well were Anthony Ross, Henry Rock, Glenn Hoag, Richard Scarafoni, Joseph Hould, Barbara Briola, Ronald Allen, and James Richmany.

Congratulations to Miss Kaliher, the class advisor; Beverly Dorman, play chairman; Mr. Conroy, director; and all others who helped make the play such a success.

JUNIOR CLASS PROM

The Junior Class Prom of May 25th is over. But by those who attended it will always be remembered. The magic touch of the decoration committee saw to that. They created Neptune's underground kingdom with the king himself and a mermaid overseeing all. Blue and green paper water floated overhead; fish, sea-horses, and even octopus shared their enchanted home with the dancers; an old, sunken scow provided a place for the orchestra; a treasure chest lay close by. Seaweed and shells added the final touch. Enchantment prevailed for a night in Neptune's kingdom.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

When we asked some of the seniors their opinions of graduation, we received these answers:

CAROL BENCIVENGA—I'm all "Russell"-ed up over it.

CHARLES VICKERY—Presents! !—A new "Lincoln"

BARBARA DUBE—I feel good again! Free at last! !

JUDY CASE—"Al" ah be praised.

BILL FETHERSTON—Intriguing.

TONY ROSS—Finally! !

ROE REAGAN—Fare(w)ell dear Pittsfield High.

LILL WILSON—I never thought the day "Wood" come.

LINDA REYNOLDS—"Jim"iny! Just fine.

LOIS WILKER—I'm en "Rich"ed about it.

JO SALZARULO—Makes me feel like a "Jack" in the box.

MICKEY MEHOS—What a question!!!

ED COHEN—Simply "Ruth"less.

NEIL LIPSEY—Surprised they're letting me out.

LOUIS ALLESSIO—I think graduation's pretty "Phair"!

MISS KALIHER—One big headache!!!

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The club pictures for the month of March were "Vengeance Valley", "Payment on Demand", and "Bedtime for Bonzo." Elaine Bosma introduced discussion leaders, who were Robert Simmons, Vernon Turner, and Robert Snow for each picture respectively.

The club pictures for April were "Valentino", "Royal Wedding", and "Lemon Drop Kid." The same boys led the discussions.

The club held its annual meeting Thursday, May 31, in the living room of the Household Arts Department. All officers and chairmen of the committees gave their annual reports and the president for next year was elected.

Technical Open House

RECENTLY, members of the technical course, under the guidance of Dr. E. B. Van Dusen, O. H. Phinney, Max Montgomery, Lew Green, and William H. Buchanan of the Electrical Maintenance Department of the General Electric Company, put on a very good Open House, illustrating more fully the fine educational value toward securing an engineering job one can receive through the technical course by diligent study. Most of the spectators seemed very much interested in the work of the boys, and we think we were quite successful in acquainting the parents of future high school students with the technical course.

Though the sophomores had nothing on exhibit, we feel that they still had a pretty good sales talk, when in Drafting Room 102, they worked on the drawings they did in class, and in General Shop they ran the power machines.

Among the many projects displayed by the juniors were cutaway views of the transmission, a gear box, differential systems of an automobile, and brakes of different natures, such as a hydraulic brake.

The seniors' exhibits included motor winding and repair, motor generator sets, an electric still, and drawings made by them in the Drafting class, taught by Mr. Montgomery.

Seniors, Ray Beach and Bill Buchanan, Perry Miller '52, and John Neff '53, supervised by William H. Buchanan, put on their Open House via explanations of their exhibits on hand. Projects of the Technical Radio Club included equipment constructed from scratch, converted surplus equipment, and radio components and equipment.

During April, William B. Conover and Daniel O. Stann lectured to the Technical sophomores. Mr. Conover's lecture was on fundamentals of sound and the many problems of the General Electric involved in the construction of transformers, while the latter's talk was on the new scientific methods of discovering anteclines that mean that oil

is hidden beneath. On May 7, C. J. Kettler talked on the mysteries of light, illustrating his points by means of slides shown on a screen. All three speakers are of the Apparatus Department of the General Electric.

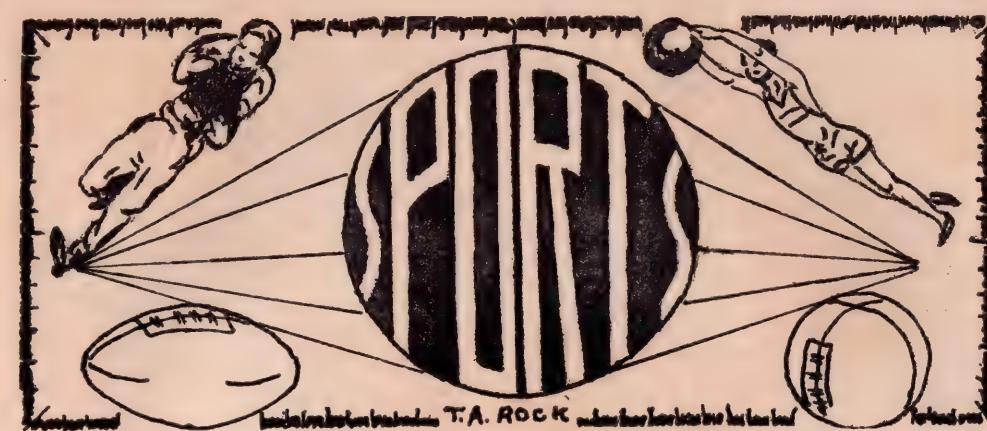
Talks to the Technical juniors, have been given by the following: William Atkinson of the Apparatus Division of the G. E. spoke about electricity; R. J. Baumann, D. E. Ohsol, and John H. Oux, all of the chemical division of the General Electric, spoke on chemical engineering, education, wages, need, and types of work; and C. J. Buckbee, head of the Safety Department of the G. E., spoke on the use of safety glasses.

Bill Buchanan '51, has won a four-year scholarship to Webb Institute.

From Elliot Perrett, reporter for the technical seniors, comes the news that during Career Week the seniors heard two speakers, Raymond Clark of the Safety Department of the G. E. and L. W. Foster of the Capacitor Division of the G. E. The first lectured on safety in industry, while Mr. Foster talked on the theory behind the capacitor, illustrating his points by means of a homemade television set.

This year's graduating Technical class has succeeded in maintaining the high standards set by last year's class. Eleven of the nineteen boys in the class are on the honor or credit rolls. Ten of them are going on to college and five others have been accepted by the General Electric Apprentice Course.

However, the Technical boys' achievements were not confined to the classroom. Eight boys found places on varsity teams, and several others played intra-mural basketball. Ken Wilde and Joe Viani were perhaps the outstanding athletes. Technical was well represented in other extra-curricular activities. Joe Viani was the P. H. S. representative at Good Government Day in Boston. Others have been active in band, Student Council and have served on committees.



P. H. S. DEFEATS CITY RIVALS, 6-4 By Bob Strelin

Pittsfield High officially opened its baseball season at Wahconah Park on Tuesday, April 30, defeating St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 6-4.

The underdog parochial school team was never out of the ball game until the final man was out. They gave the winners a definite scare in the fifth inning as they picked up two runs to take a temporary 3-2 lead. However, Pittsfield rallied in its half of the sixth, scoring four runs to put the game on ice.

Pittsfield scored in the first inning as third-baseman Jack Brennan hit a fly ball which was misjudged by the right-fielder and fell in for two bases. Jack Ferguson's single and a squeeze bunt by Cyril Gorman scored Brennan. St. Joe tied the score in the second on a passed ball, a sacrifice, and a pair of singles. Pittsfield High again took the lead in the third as Jerry Heidell scored on a two-bagger by Jim Garavaltis.

But St. Joe, not to be outdone, came back in the fifth and scored two. After a couple of errors had put men on second and third, Eddie Poulin lashed a single to right scoring both men. In the sixth, centerfielder Bill Grady dropped a fly ball just inside the left field foul line and it went for a double, scoring two runners. Pittsfield picked up two more in the same inning on a St. Joe miscue.

Cyril Gorman started the game for Pittsfield but was relieved in the seventh by Larry Bossidy. Bossidy yielded one run as he had some trouble finding the plate, but he finally bore down and fanned the last batter, wrapping up the win for Gorman. Broderick started for St. Joe but was lifted in favor of Matthews in the big sixth.

Lou Kryznoski and Ferguson each had two hits for the winners. Poulin and Matthews had two apiece for St. Joe.

ADAMS CONQUERS P. H. S. 7-4 By Carl Maynard

Adams High, with the expert pitching of John Leja, upset last year's county champions on May 4th by a score of 7 to 4. Larry Bossidy, sophomore pitcher, was the loser for Pittsfield. Denny Cohen took over in the fourth inning and let in three more runs. Leja was so wild that Pittsfield batters were jittery and swung at a great number of bad pitches. Even so, he gave seven bases on balls.

Adams made two runs in the third and fourth, and two more in the sixth. In the seventh Pittsfield made their last bid. The purple and white had a man on second and third with only one out; however, Leja made the next man roll to the box and then struck out a pinch hitter.



1951 P. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM

Rear Row: Burnick, Brennan, Grady, Kordana, Ferguson, J. Garavaltis, Heide, C. Garavaltis, Greene, Rivard
 Second Row: M. Patrick, Kryznoski, Campbell, Cousineau, Smith, Orzolek, Gilardi, Nugai, Coach Fox
 Front Row: Bailey, Pelkey, DiOrio, Clark, Robarge, Traversa, Donati, Daloney, Bossidy, E. Patrick

DALTON UPSETS P. H. S.

By Carl Maynard

Pitcher Don Cormier of Dalton handcuffed the Pittsfield sluggers, May 8, to such an extent that Dalton High took over undisputed possession of first place by defeating P. H. S. 6-2. Effectively scattering seven hits, Cormier limited Pittsfield to two runs, while his teammates racked up six tallies.

The first inning was the disastrous one for Pittsfield's pitcher Larry Bossidy, for he was touched for five hits, gave three bases on balls, and let in four runs. He was lifted in the second inning in favor of Ray Meandro, who for the next six innings pitched three-hit ball. The other two runs came in the inning in which Ray took over, and were charged to Bossidy.

Dalton's first man up belted a double to center and was sent home when the next man singled to the same field. A passed batter, and two singles in that order brought home the next three runs. In all, nine Dalton men batted in the first inning. Bossidy started the second inning by giving up a single and a base on balls. Meandor took over and admitted two more runs before getting out of the inning.

Pittsfield broke into the scoring column in the fourth inning on singles by Garavaltis and Kordana and a long fly to left field by Kryznoski. However, from then on, Cormier held Pittsfield scoreless.

Kordana, Ferguson, and Rivard playing shortstop, second base, and first base respectively, pulled off two slick double plays, halting two potential Dalton rallies.

P. H. S. SMOTHERS WILLIAMSTOWN, 18-6

By Bob Strelin

Effectively backing up Freshman pitcher Bruce Robarge in his first starting assignment of the current pennant race, Pittsfield High crushed last place Williamstown as they put together twenty-one hits for eighteen runs to win 18-6 in Williamstown on May 15.

Sophomore Chuck Garavaltis led the Pittsfield hitting attack as he collected five hits in as many times at bat, raising his season's batting average to an even .500.

Others who contributed generously to Pittsfield's cause were Jimmy Garavaltis, Dick Rivard, and Bill Grady. Each collected three safeties. Grady's hits included a double and a three-run home run.

Pittsfield scored in every inning except two, picking up four in the first, two in the third, seven in the fourth, three in the fifth, and two in the sixth.

Robarge yielded two runs in each of the first two frames but settled down and held the opposition scoreless until the seventh when Williamstown staged an insignificant rally and scored two more runs. He was reached for only seven hits and struck out six.

P. H. S. SHUTS OUT ST. JOE 4-0

By Carl Maynard

Denny Cohen, sophomore right hander, hurled a one hit shut out May 18, to defeat St. Joseph's 4 to 0. His perfect game was spoiled in the third inning by Ralph Cyr's single to center. With this victory, Pittsfield strengthened their hold on second place, but they will not have a chance to gain first place unless Dalton, who leads the league, is defeated at least once.

In the first inning, P. H. S. had the bases loaded with no one out, but Matthews got out of the inning with effective pitching, by striking out Charley Garavaltis and making Jimmy Garavaltis and DiOrio fly out.

Pittsfield's first scores came in the fourth on a tremendous double by Charley Garavaltis, two singles by DiOrio and Rivard, and a pair of errors by the St. Joe third baseman.

Pittsfield's run in the fifth came from a single by Brennan, who promptly stole second, and a single by Garavaltis. The fourth and last run was pushed over in the sixth on a pass to DiOrio, an infield out, a balk, and a single to center by Grady.

MEANDRO'S NO HITTER GIVES P.H.S.

8 TO 0 WIN

By Carl Maynard

Ray Meandro, junior right hander, pitching for P. H. S. against Drury, hurled the fourth no-hitter in eight years of league play. Meandro, with his victory only slightly marred by the ten walks that he issued, will go into the Berkshire hall of fame alongside of Cy Gorman of Pittsfield, Bob Nagle of Drury, and Bill Bakey of Drury. In defeating Drury, the Pittsfield team broke out of a triple tie for second place, and now occupies that spot alone.

In the sixth inning, the game was broken wide open on three successive hits by Pittsfield with two out. Brennan singled to left, stole second, and came home on Ferguson's single. Ferguson, in turn, went home on Heidel's home run to center field. Five more runs were driven in off the new Drury hurler, Russett, two of them by Charley Garivaltis' double.

P. H. S. BLASTS ADAMS 11-6

By Carl Maynard

Ray Meandro, with the aid of Larry Bossidy and the hitting power of Charley Garivaltis, gained revenge against Adams High, who defeated Pittsfield earlier in the season, by defeating them 11 to 6. Meandro, who has been troubled lately with wildness, was relieved in the fifth inning by southpaw Larry Bossidy, after giving up five hits and issuing six passes.

Pittsfield scored four runs in the first. This inning was highlighted by Charley Garivaltis' home run. They added two more tallies in the fourth and three more in the fifth.

Pittsfield pulled two double plays, with the last ending the game.

The Adams pitcher Leja had two strikeouts, while Meandro and Bossidy had five and four respectively.

RIFLE TEAM NOTES

By Homer May '53

With the season drawing to a close, the rifle team, because of the lack of interest, finds itself with not too good a record. On March 31, 1951, the team fired in the Junior individual division of the Western Mass. Rifle Tournament held at the Pittsfield G.E.A.A. range. First place of the match was taken by John Horvey of New York with a total of 191 out of 200. The top shooter for Pittsfield was Walter Whitman with a very good 182 total. Homer May held second place for Pittsfield with 172 for a total. Chester Dalzell edged out Kenneth Truran for third place, both with 155. Alfred Lewis secured fifth place with a capable 152 while Donald Hunt and Arthur Peck held down sixth and seventh with 145 and 140 respectively.

Firing at the Great Barrington range on April 30, 1951, Southern Berkshire beat Pittsfield 824 to 787. This, like all other Pittsfield Junior matches, was a 10 prone and 10 off-hand match with a time limit. The top five for each team were to count. The team standings were:

PITTSFIELD	SO. BERKSHIRE
Chester Dalzell	165 Claude Barreth 176
Homer May	162 Thos. Treadwell 175
Arthur Peck	155 Susan Wilcox 174
Kenneth Truran	153 Rich. Merchant 156
Walter Whitman	152 John Larkin 143
Total	787 Total 824

With the defeat by Southern Berkshire, Pittsfield has scheduled a return match for May 27, 1951. The team has also a postal match coming up with the Colgate Freshman team.

All those interested in being on the rifle team next year, regardless of experience, see Homer May in Room 149.

June, 1951

P. H. S. NEW TRACK COACH

By Art Johnson '53

Max Montgomery, a teacher of the Technical Course, has been named track coach in the absence of John F. Carmody, who is out for the season because of illness.

Mr. Montgomery played football at Brookline High, Brookline, Mass., in 1939. His team won the Eastern Massachusetts Class "B" Championship. He played freshman and varsity football at Brown University from 1940 to 1943. Mr. Montgomery is now an enthusiastic participant in golf and tennis.

With the help of Howard Franks, a former Olympic star, and 1950 captain Jim McQuigan, Mr. Montgomery has made the team a well organized one.

BERKSHIRE SCHOOL AND SPRING FIELD TECH TRACK MEETS

By Art Johnson '53

On May 5 the Purple trackers journeyed to Berkshire School at Sheffield where they were defeated $88\frac{1}{2}$ to $24\frac{1}{2}$. Although Pittsfield lost, this meet provided an opportunity for the boys to discover their weaknesses. Captain Ken Wilde, Ronnie Russell, Lou Allessio, Allen Burt, Carl Mayes, and Chet Dalzell gained points for the Purple and White.

In a very close contest Pittsfield was defeated at Springfield Tech May 14. The score was 57-51. Pittsfield won all the field events except the javelin throw. Tech took most of the second and third places in the field events. They won all the track events except the mile, which was won by P. H. S. Captain Ken Wilde.

Wilde, Carl Mayes, Bob Linker, Al Mar- den, Al Burt, Ronnie Russell, Chet Dalzell, Lou Allessio, Jimmy Richmany, Chuck Lam- mott, Roger Oulette, Bob Wuineé, and Bill Jones were the Purple point gainers.

WESTERN MASS. TRACK MEET

By Art Johnson '53

On May 26, 1951, the Western Massachusetts Track and Field Championships were held at Clapp Park. This was the first time that the event has taken place in Pittsfield. Through the efforts of Mr. John Carmody, track coach, and his successor, Mr. Max Montgomery, with the help of many other Pittsfield sportsmen, this event was a great success. There were many schools represented, including Technical, Classical, Trade and Cathedral Highs of Springfield and West Springfield, Westfield, Greenfield, Holyoke and Pittsfield High.

Among the many champs present was Carl Mayes of P. H. S., who took first in both the broad jump and the high jump. Captain Ken Wilde of Pittsfield, who was 1950 W.M.I.T.A. Champion miler, took second in that event. Dick Snook took second in the broad jump and Frank Reid was third in the discus. The Purple and White relay team was third in the half-mile relay.

The first three teams were Classical—19, Drury— $18\frac{3}{4}$, Pittsfield—18.

The scoreboard and other equipment at the track was built by Technical and Welding Shop boys.



Girls' Sports

By Lillian Gaudette



GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Dianne Nadeau, Barbara Frink, Barbara Sears, Irene Burch, Lillian Gaudette (Beverly May, absent)

SWIMMING

The victory of the seniors brought to an end a very successful season. The swimming lessons, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gross, the new instructors at the Boys' Club Pool, were enjoyable.

The senior team includes Captain Lil Gaudette, "De" Nadeau, Barb Sears, Irene Burch, Barb Frink, and Bev May.

The first, second, and third place winners in individual racing are as follows:

25-^{yd.} free style—1, Bev May; 2, Jane Whiting; 3, Barb Frink. 25-^{yd.} breast stroke—1, Anne Everest; 2, De Nadeau. 25-^{yd.} backstroke—1, Barb Sears; 2, Ann Shields;

3, Wanda Seluke. For team racing: 50-^{yd.} pinball relay—1, Phyllis Gale and Wanda Seluke (juniors); 2, Barb Sears and Lil Gaudette (seniors); 3, Jane Whiting and Marilyn Case (sophs). 75-^{yd.} medley relay—1, Barb Sears, Lil Gaudette, and De Nadeau. 100-^{yd.} relay—Lil Gaudette, Barb Frink, Bev May, Barb Sears (seniors). Lil Gaudette and Wanda Seluke were the outstanding divers. The form swimming was won by the juniors. One of the funniest events of the meet was the pajama race, also won by the seniors.

The seniors of this year certainly have proved themselves worthy of the title of "Champs". They have won all of the inter-class tournaments this year.

June, 1951

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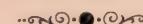
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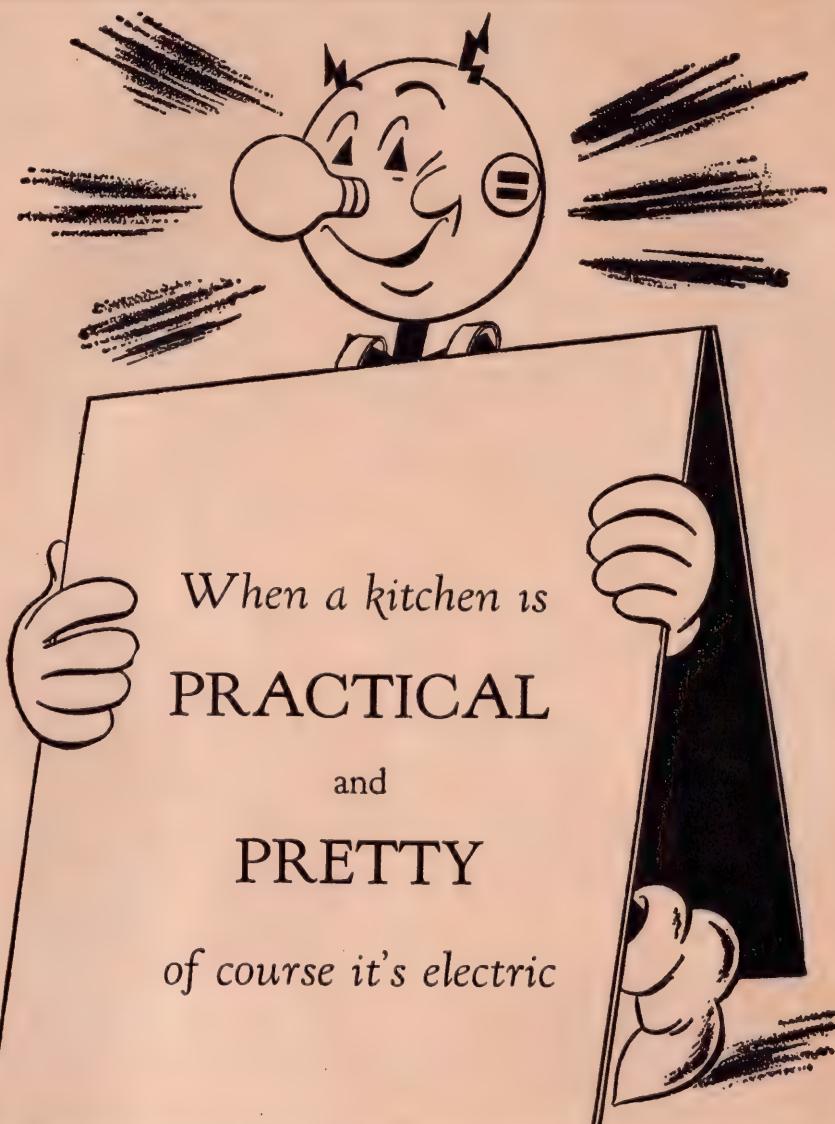
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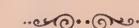


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Sundays and Holidays 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Prescriptions Compounded Accurately and Promptly

We offer a complete prescription service
Sickroom Supplies
Baby Needs

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Tobacco

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Cigarettes

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*Prompt Efficient Service*

MORNINGSIDE'S ONLY DRUG STORE

*May we add our
Congratulations?*

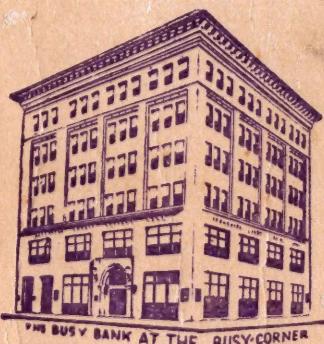


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An excellent way to do a praiseworthy job in saving money is to SAVE REGULARLY . . . a little each week in a Savings Account. Start now . . . we'd like to help you get started on your saving program right away.

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